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Half a Mo'!

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HALF A MO'!

Sung by JAMES FAWN.

Put bet you've never notic'd all the things that you can do In half a mo' half a mo'
So seek your ears and listen, and I'll mention one or two, In half a mo' half a mo'
Tho' you're as sane as Satan you can go clean of your dot,
And then start backing gee-gees on a system very hot;
Have five-and-twenty thousand quids, and lose the blessed lot

In half a mo'—half a mo' Your pluck and perseverance you can show.
You can go with other people
Down a sewer, climb a steeple;
Fall, and break your blooming neck in half a mo'!

Though you're as safe as houses, into danger you can get In half a mo' half a mo'
Go in for speculation, and you'll find yourself in debt In half a mo' half a mo'
By doing something startling you can win no end of fame,
For, if you want to raise the wind, although a risky game,
With pen and paper you can forge another fellow's name In half a mo' half a mo'

In half a mo'—half a mo' When captured up for trial you can go;
Kid the beak that you're afflicted,
Plead "Not guilty," be convicted,
And get fourteen years' hard "labe" in half a mo.'

Though you've been such a wicked "cuss" most pious you can turn
In half a mo'—half a mo'

As preacher to the heathen blacks no end of praise you earn
In half a mo'—half a mo'
You reach the Savage Islands, and along you smoothly rub;
Those natives seem quite harmless, but when they run short of grub
They sneak behind your blooming back, and brain you with a club
In half a mo'—half a mo'

In half a mo'—half a mo' An appetite for mission meat they show;
From this world you're gently "whizzled"
In a saucepan boiled and frizzled,
And you're simply gravy soup in half a mo.'

EXTRA VERSES.

To take a good long journey in a railway train you jump In half a mo' half a mo'
Mile after mile by field and stream you travel with a bunp In half a mo' half a mo'
You reach a station, engine stops, and though it seems absurd,
Inside the long refreshment bar, in spite of what you've heard,
You spot a certain sandwich, and you're on it like a bird In half a mo' half a mo'

In half a mo'—half a mo' You place it in your "tater-trap" like so;
Bring your hungry jaws together,
Find the meat as tough as leather,
And you fracture fifteen teeth in half a mo'.

To learn to ride a bicycle you may make up your mind In half a mo'—half a mo'
A shop where you can hire one up a little street you find In half a mo'—half a mo'
You mount that second-hand machine, commence to show your skill,
Turn round an unknown corner, never thinking of a spill,
But find when it's too late to stop you're flying down a hill In half a mo'—half a mo'

In half a mo'—half a mo' The brake gives way—it's no use shouting "Whoa!"
One short prayer—or swear—you utter,
Then you cannon off the gutter,
And you're diving down a drain in half a mo'.

One day you meet a full-sized miss, and catch the charmer's eye
In half a mo'—half a mo'.

You make a bow and raise your hat, before she passes by In half a mo'—half a mo'
You speak to her—suggest a walk—go strolling down the street—
The park is reached as loving words you fervently repeat,
And by her well-developed form you gently take a seat In half a mo'—half a mo'.

In half a mo' half a mo' You squeeze her massive waist she screams ouch;
Her pneumatic stays, like thunder,
Through the pressure burst asunder,
And the padding all pops out in half a mo'.